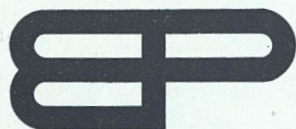




BLACKPINK



BLOCKPRINT

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CHARLES LLOYD...



Charles Lloyd is a holy prophet speaking to us of his life, of his vision, the weaver of dreams, spinning his sax in his long fingers, pouring power and beauty from out of the pavements of his blues life, who combines his fantastic control of colors and textures in his music — completely knowledgeable control, not flattering or assaulting the senses, but involving them with his warm lyricism. A composer, tenor saxaphonist, and flutist, he has climbed a blues odyssey: from a lonely childhood in Memphis to the most explosive force in the avant-garde. He taught himself sax when he heard you could make the school band if you learn the school song.

"I was only twelve when I was called for my first gig, with Bobby Blue Bland's band."

Charles somehow landed at USC, spending his nights with such names as Eric Dolphy, Harold Land, and Ornette Coleman, and his days with Stravinsky, Bartok, Schoenberg and eastern forms. After teaching high school for a while, he joined the Chico Hamilton group in 1960, with Gabor Szabo. As music director of the group, "solos of various lengths and improvised duets and instrumental conversations in other combinations were Lloyd's vehicles for achieving the newness." In 1963 he joined the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, developing strength, control, and a desire for his own group.

He was looking for others as expensive as he, with no walls on their minds, no particular bag, reaching into all available ethnic sources — "our thoughts are cosmic. Like, music is the sacrament that can help us get through all our problems." He discovered brilliant Keith Jarrett, 20 years old, excitingly and lyrically shuffling cards along the keyboard, picking the strings inside the piano, and using it as a percussion instrument producing the total life music Lloyd wanted. In '65, along with explosive Jack DeJohnette on drums and Cecil McBee weaving bass lines, Lloyd was directing the most explosive direction in the avant-garde. Yet, unlike the agony and hate spewed forth from the other avant-garde musicians, Charles' purpose was communication rather than alienation. "Bitterness and hostility are spendrift emotions. I realized nobody was my innate enemy." The group gained in-

stant success in Europe, while recognition back home came slower.

Historic successes ranging from Antibes (Le Jazz Hot featured the festival as l'Annee Lloyd) to Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco, to a devastating victory at the Tallinn Festival in Russia, and the first invitation to a jazz group to perform at the famous classical festival at Bergen, Norway, plus successful recordings: "Dream Weaver," "Forrest Flower," and "Love-in," have kept the quartet flashing around the country and back and forth to Europe. After returning from Poland, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, Vienna, Milan, Florence, Stockholm, and London, the Charles Lloyd Quartet gave concerts in Boston and New Haven.

BOSTON — A weary tension steamed through the quartet's set as the Memphis guru, attired in a shimmering robe, dredged through fired-up versions of "Love Ship," "Forrest Flower," "Dream Weaver," and soaring off in an ecstatic viscous flute piece, preluded by a twenty minute koto-like solo inside the piano box by Jarrette. Lloyd and the audience shared astonishment as the curtain shortened his presentation.

NEWHAVEN — Nov. 11 Screaming for 3½ hours, the joy of their music, grinning across the stage, cooking strong stuff from the first note, the quartet sparkled. Ron McClure buzzed along, walking and stroking, underpinning the melody, while DeJohnette pushed them along, and awed every one with a 20 minute drum solo. Jarrett could not stop, and bouncing up and down, splashed up on the keyboard and within the box.

Lloyd started with loving ballad designs and grew into the trance of "Dream Weaver." After a standing ovation, Lloyd signaled Jarrett to use his soprano sax, and the locked Jarrett's Bavarian mountain calls against Lloyd's Imitations of Lloyd. Jumping around with the maracas, Lloyd drove the audience into a religious trance, and everyone left quietly, smiling, catching their breath.

Their working of dissonance, often locked against melodic lines, stretches their realm. By superimposing and patterning the rhythmic lines against harmonics and melody wisps, they innovated while still bringing it all back home — with a religious warmth.





ALAN SONDHEIM...

Alan Sondheim goes to Brown. He is the leader of ALL. (The Songs-Ritual All 770). This an "avant-garde" musical group at Brown University. Chances are you haven't heard them yet; perhaps after you do, you'll wish you hadn't. Regardless, this interview presents Alan Sondheim's music in light of his personal and musical background.

He began by individual playing, at first on guitar, banjo, oud, and mandolin. Some of his early instruction came through Al Wilson, now with the Canned Heat Blues Band. He also knew Son House while in Cambridge. Later he branched out, working with the clarinet, and other woodwinds and string instruments, many of them Indian. He moved into the group style because it's not easy to do solo woodwind works easily. So we have ALL 770 and this interview.

Blockprint: Is your work structural?

Sondheim: "I'm getting more and more away from structure. It's not that I'm non-structured, I just don't care about it."

B. P.: Some people say that your music is just pure noise or limp noise. Is this true?

Sondheim: "That's absolute nonsense. It's no more noise than any other kind of music. We try for specific things in specific pieces. For instance,

the thing we did at RISD last year is not at all indictive of what we do normally. That was a pure noise barrage, which I rather dug doing. It's not the kind of thing we do normally."

B. P.: What then, is the state of your music, and how is it in relation to other types of music?

Sondheim: "We've moved into Oriental mostly, not so much Jazz. Basically though, we're doing our own music. It's unique; this I think is an accomplishment, to do something unique. Basically our music is a depressed sort, not happy, though it could be. Our music is definitely in the vanguard of music, either you like it or not. The music is way out, but it is our own thing completely."

B. P.: Is there any drug influence in your work?

Sondheim: "I don't use drugs myself. It's not a drug group."

B. P.: What is the state of popular music and jazz today?

Sondheim: "Traditional jazz is dead. I'm mentioning Berklee I think that anyone that goes to Berklee to learn jazz is crazy. Rock music is still kind of a limited thing, but it's still alive. For the most part, music in this country stinks."

B. P.: Your girl singer does strange

things with singing. Actually it sounds more like simple change of tone in pitch. What about this?

Sondheim: "We use the voice in our band as a pure musical instrument."

B. P.: What do you think of the use of electronic music, such as Stockhausen and Varese, or as recently used by the Beatles?

Sondheim: "Except for Strawberry Fields, everything I've heard electronically is primitive, both in classical and rock. There are so many things that haven't ever been used at all yet, various types of modulators and such."

B. P.: What do people say about playing so many instruments?

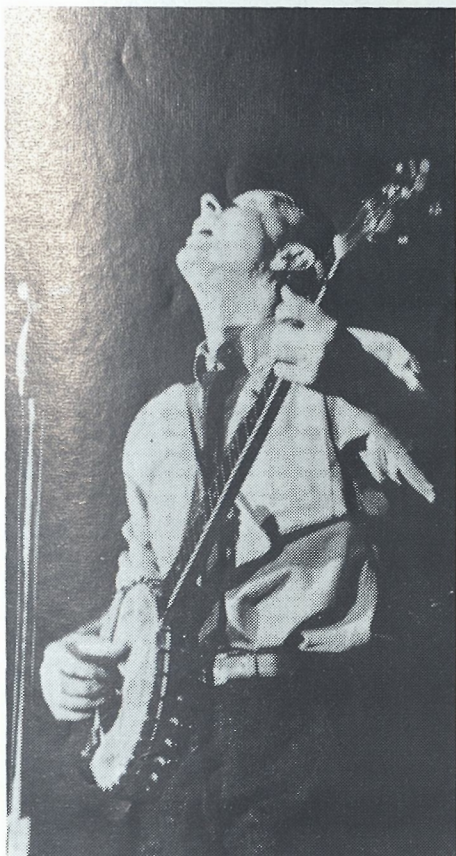
Sondheim: "A lot of people get angry at the fact that I play fifty instruments, and look at as kind of a novelty. I've had people come up and ask why I don't learn one real well. 'I think I know quite a few quite well for what I do.'"

B. P.: So you think that we are really starting to get into music and learn about it?

Sondheim: "I really don't think a God-Damn person on earth knows anything about music. I mean it."

B. P.: Any final statements?

Sondheim: "Music stinks. I guess that makes a good final statement."



PETE SEEGER...

REVIEW OF THE NOV. 11TH SHOW AT PEMBROKE —

The sing along genius of Pete Seeger moved another crowd of people to his particular brand of active participation. This man, who probably knows more folk songs than anyone else, ran through about three hours of widely ranged material from Woody Guthrie songs to part of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony — on the banjo. Decked out in a bright blue shirt and red tie, clearly visible in the bright spot lights, Seeger treated the audience to well known songs such as "Guantanamera, Turn, Turn, Turn," and "This Land Is Your Land," intermixing with his knowledge of much less known songs such as "Peat Bog Soldiers" and "The Little Light of Mine." His ideas on somewhat peaceful protest were put across in his own composition, "Knee Deep in High Muddy Water," where he alludes to L. B. J. in the line, "the Big Fool said to push on." Bringing up a little known Woody

Guthrie song, "F.B.I. Man," Seeger brings forth the relation to today's affairs in the lines from the song: "Yes, I will point a gun for my country, but I won't guarantee which way."

The concert ended with even more applause than it began with, and Pete Seeger did an encore of about three songs of Woody Guthrie.

When questioned on today's music, acid rock, the Beatles, etc. Seeger commented, "This is one of these things where you like some of it and don't like some of it, maybe because you don't understand it. This is what I feel here."

Some say that Seeger and his type of music is washed up. Perhaps this is true, but Seeger and his interpretation of music continues to live. For Seeger, his music is real and therefore is still alive and speaking. You only have to go to a concert to realize this.

AND

Not a freaky and worn psychedelic but deep blue or bright red, the flag of guitars, sax, trumpet, drums, electric piano, organ, and vocals creates new blends of American Jazz, blues, and Soul. Diverse, intense and maybe a little immature in development, with a structural potential for something progressive, they can move a dull audience of gawkers to excited response.

Mike Bloomfield — totally electric hair and head — brought vocal wails, moans, and fast blues runs from his guitar, taking with him anyone of half an inclination to go.

"JEFF (BECK) is no longer in our atmosphere . . .

* * *

COUNTRY JOE is an asshole . . .

* * *

Love to play with RAY CHARLES!

* * *

I can't comment on these guys you're naming because they're all friends. I could be cool and lying that they're all good . . .

* * *

I separated with BUTTERFIELD because I was sick of the road and I'm sick of it now . . .

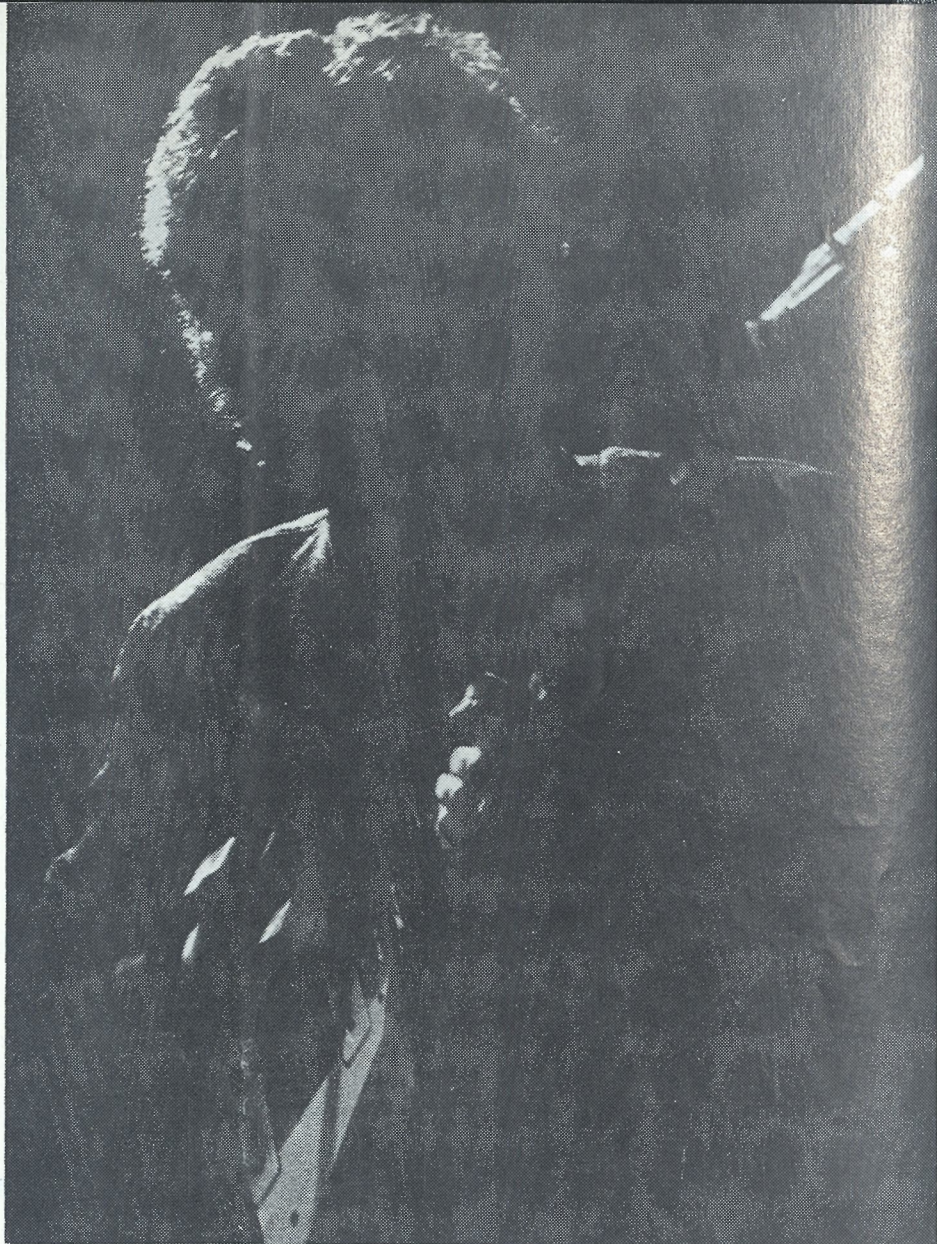
* * *

I'm basically a HERMITIC person . . .

* * *

Don't let your parents and teachers tell you what to do. You young people should be able to do whatever you want to do, man, whatever you want to do" . . . (on stage)

Although a long time on the road and anxious to leave the stage for peace in California and time to make recordings, he spoke less bitterly of the world than he has been noted to do. Doing his "bag" with the Electric Flag may be one reason. Impressions of Mike Bloomfield? He recalled happily a time when he, Eric Clapton (his "favorite Blues guitarist") of the Cream, and Harvey Mandel(?); "Each of us with our own guitars at full volume and alone in an empty Fillmore Auditorium, sent freaky, very freaky screaming, bending notes whining through the air like silver licorice sticks." In audiences, he wants vocal responses to his stuff . . . "to acknowl-



edge a cool run in the middle of this thing as it happens, like when a bull fighter makes a cool pass, they "Ole" him right on the spot, not after he's done fighting, you know, and say 'Groovy Jack'. People don't have to be hot pickers to dig a note that is apropos at that particular moment. Like Gospel meetings or like Indians, they're always nodding, you know, you nod when a groovy lick goes down." When people weren't moving to his sounds he pleaded to the audience that "We are all flesh and blood and there's no barrier between us, flesh and blood and everyone should feel free . . .," free to dig the sound and go as nuts about it

as he. For the last song, "instead of the usual come and speed with screaming guitars and other masturbatory devices, we want to send you home in a soulful mind with beautiful Blues. It's called "Drownin' In MY Tears"; a beautiful Blues number, Blues in beautiful music . . ."

Crazy about music and his band, Bloomfield will, I hope, have enough success to have the necessary time to bring the Flag to their potential in whatever "American" music they create. Hopefully again, he won't have to leave the people he plays for but take them to a soulful state of mind.

Greg Steinsieck

MIKE BLOOMFIELD

Subject: Organ recital by John Foxon at Grace Church, Providence Monday evening the 13th of November.

Points of interest: Program; "Applause is an appropriate sign of appreciation and thanksgiving." Episcopal minister in the audience; Collection, "A collection to defray the expense of this recital will be taken during intermission, no member of the audience is to feel in any way obligated." Buttons in the collection basket.

Begin:

There was on the cold evening of the 13th a recital in Grace church on the mall. Since the public was cordially invited, I went. There are many times that I have wanted to applaud an organist during a church service, and this recital in a church was as close as I could come to worldly gain inside the walls of a sanctuary. The little announcement about the applause was a nice touch, and Jesus suddenly was running with me. The bit about the collection reassured the esthete of good music for nothing, and an uplifting affair with no worldly concern.

I feel that some more comment on the first quote is in order. "Applause is an appropriate sign of appreciation and thanksgiving." The pipe dream music dream music of Bach, Shumann, and Molet is mind expanding. The mind

THE MAGNIFICENT ORGAN

tunes onto the vibrations of the pipes and is loosed into the rafters drifting the ceiling, and without a doubt; An armenian centaur with halitosis regenerated litigation in a stentorian fashion over his own particular brand of elysium. An orange doing the calypsso step, however, usurped his power and liberated the beri-beri ridden undertaker Samson. An elephant right out of literature became the undertaker's overtaker and thus freedom's nemesis, and in an archtypical reply dastardly ended the case with a firebrand.

All of this dillay and dally
Which does sillay and sally
Is a bit of mine own song
And has often been sang
As it was meant to be sung
As the mob was once rung
On Jacob's ladder
Pitiable patter
It does not matter, mother,
That it is not in meter
As any nickle's worth of nonsense,
And any untimely rhyme
Be spiced with thyme.
Back to the delay, a pause
To the refreshed mimed gold
That proceeds menopause
While the proceeds from witch
Are ashes from the ass of the bitch
On a knight this cold 'tiswell
To be well and dwell on bold soul:
Mr. Brown is down
Mr. Dean is dead and mine
Mind is in the red when I am daid
And have been laid in the
Rush beneath a subway train
Cursing snow and reign.



Rule Britania, Britania rules the ways
Implied in a heavenly endowed throne
And riding water on the Rhone,
The tide was terned with lime

Which goes back to rhyme and tyme and the organ.

There were three wise men who came storming down the aisle of the church and in the hand of each was the long arm of the church. They came up to me and took my arm into my shallow pocket, and made off with it and all that it had inside. There were three quarters and two buttons, each with four holes apiece, and there were no strings attached. The three wise men with the long arm of the church took off my pant buttons and I froze on my way home. No one need feel obligated, and indeed I didn't. I felt at least strangely unattached and loose. And all the while a minister hung out behind my head saying in Italian, "Tha nex juan'llgrab ya by ya cojones, it loostens that oith unner da choich an it stans there shooting off thunder." Then the thunder broke loose and the alter piece vibrated across the wall and little old bald John Foxon jumped up and down on the foot pedals, and the minister choked brokenly over his emotion and choler, "Sock it to meeee Johnny babeee, vibrate the shit out of the giant phallic neighborhood, ooooh sweet Jesus I think I'm dying in all this other worldly pleasure . . . wehyoo kid don't that really kick you in the tail? . . . happy daisys are here again." And then it was all over, and I could quit counting the dimples on the faces of the eleven disciples present at the ascension and go coldly back into this world of concrete religion and the face of the girl next to me.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given;
And the government shall be upon His shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, counselor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Amen.

In the interest of student affairs, here is an eye-witness report of the Student Council meeting held last Wednesday night:

The RISD Student Council was called to order at 7:52 p.m., Wednesday, November 15, 1967, by President Acki Tara, who was wearing a dark brown tweed jacket, gold vest, and plaid tie. Waving his gavel in hand, he reminded the members of the Blockprint staff, who were holding a sit-in at the meeting, that only editor Ronn Spencer was a voting member of the Council.

A fag sitting in the seventh row of seats continually repeated the phrase "Eat me." However, he did not indicate precisely who he was directing this remark to.

There were no special committee reports.

There was no old business.

The first item of new business was to establish the fact that the Publications Committee did, in fact, exist, and was alive and well in the constitution.

The second item of new business was to question the validity of the Student Council. The problem of class rep-

STUDENT COUNCIL DISCUSSES THE PROBLEMS OF EXISTENCE



Mr. John Juros, Chairman of the Publications Committee garbled incoherently about some kind of stipend for Blockprint. Mr. Juros was wearing a pale green v-neck sweater; his hair neatly trimmed; however, his tie was crooked. Vigorous debate followed in all corners of the room, not to mention the discussion on the floor. Violence almost broke out when Mr. Ronn Spencer and Mr. John Juros winked at each other. Mr. Gordon Allen, Director of S.A.O., sat in the back of the room, finding himself "in an embarrassing position due to a \$7000 deficit."

resentation was brought up, and, in the debate which followed, it was revealed that the Elections Committee last year was frustrated. The Council then unanimously decided that it did, in fact, exist.

The next item of new business concerned the existence of one (?) of the Council members, Mr. Steve Lindblom. The discussion then back-tracked to the Elections Committee, and it was revealed that the Elections Committee did not, in fact, exist this year. Mr. Gordon Allen cleared the air and everyone was relieved. Mr. Lindblom, after it was

revealed that he did, in fact, exist, was elected Chairman of the Elections Committee, with only two opposing votes coming from Mr. Spencer and Mr. Lindblom.

Mr. Spencer then called for a quorum. Since only twelve members of the Council were present, which does not comprise a quorum, President Tara announced that no more voting could take place.

EDITORIAL

If you think that American Middle Class banality is some sort of accident you're sadly mistaken. There are plenty of well-organized institutions that mold "our young people" into average, compromising clods. You're in one right now — be it RISD, Brown, or some other "respected" institution of higher learning. Sure, most colleges have a "liberal" atmosphere but most people have set behavioral patterns when they arrive and their new found freedom is rarely exercised to the fullest. The American high school, operating under the assumption that well-rounded people make the best citizens are churning out college hopefuls that are as acceptable as Pepsi-Cola and are committed to nothing more than carving their own little niche in our sick society.

I remember when my high school guidance counselor told me I'd have a rough time getting into the "college of my choice." All I knew was that this same guy told our whole goddamned freshmen health and guidance class that horizontal striped clothes made you look fatter and vertically striped thinner and taller. Not being very interested in making myself more appealing I made a practice of never listening to him very much. However, I did manage to get into the "college of my choice" thereby escaping Vietnam, a lifetime career as a Jersey gas station attendant, and a social strata that was comprised primarily of jocks, good time Charlies, pep rallies, and guys that played locker room games like "soap your ass and slide around the shower-room floor." I deluded myself into thinking that RISD would be some sort of Mecca — an escape from the high school mentality of school spirit for school spirit's sake. A few weeks revealed Mecca to be vastly better than high school but a lot less than a Mecca should be. Optimism and naivety had taken its toll.

Let's take a quick inventory of but a few things at RISD. We have now a farcical reactionary, Mickey Mouse Student Council that is bogged down in petty politics, takes most of its "direction" unchallenged from Mr. Gordon Allen of the SAO, and whose primary function is to dole out money to various RISD clubs, fellowships, and organizations. We have a supposedly powerless Publications Committee which "oversees" Blockprint. This standing committee of the Student Council is always ready to agree that Blockprint should be a "fully independent" school newspaper so it is strange indeed that their history is one of censorship, manipulation, and recommendations for stricter control over this "irresponsible" publication. In a relatively short time this nebulously powered committee has increased its power from an advisory committee to an organization that chooses and fires Blockprint editors and seizes every opportunity to "strongly urge" editorial policy.

We have a basketball team (the "Red Devils") that is trying to instill some sort of "school spirit" through a series

As this reporter was leaving in disgust, Mr. Juros was speaking again, recommending that "the Registrars Office ought to get on the stick" concerning the Selective Service. Mr. Spencer requested that Mr. Juros write a statement to that effect to be printed in this week's Blockprint, but Mr. Juros declined, saying, "I can't do everything."

of crudely executed fliers and posters proclaiming "RISD WON," "Signs of Creeping Big Ten-ism?" and "See RISD win. Win, RISD win." (Thank you Dean Reutlinger for coaching the team, taking an interest, and providing those physically oriented with an outlet for their desires — but is the "corn" really necessary?)

There is now in the works a Friday night refectory gathering with the title of "Coffee House" that can only lead to an eventual "Beatnik Dance" where everyone will come imitating Kerouac. Homer Hall itself has turned into a nightly carnival of little gatherings with nuzzling, hand holding, and couples stealing fond embraces.

Perhaps all this shows a definite trend at RISD. It just might be that we are getting in on the beginning of a metamorphosis from which RISD will someday emerge a "college" complete with frat parties, full dorm facilities, plastic people, plastic conversations, and wall to wall American sterility. God help us . . .

HERE WE GO AGAIN — BUT WHO CARES DEPT.: Two recent articles in the Junior Establishment Press (The Brown Daily Herald by name) concerned themselves with "Do RISDers Really Hate You?" in which author Ted Klein brilliantly reveals Brownie sexual hang-ups towards RISD girls. Ted quotes one Brownie who points to the RISD dorms and comments that it's the place to go "for a quick one" and another quotes from a RISD girl states that "Brown guys date us because they think we f . . ." (I think Ted meant " . . . k"). This is all accompanied by a veritable potpourri of quotes from Blockprint that proves conclusively what I've suspected for months — poor Mr. Klein has a terrible RISD complex. But I'll reserve criticism and merely present a letter I received today from a Brown sophomore:

"Attention RISD Students;

As a Brown University student I have dutifully been following the attacks of the Brown Daily Herald on the School of Design. They displayed the typical disdain of Brown for anything outside of their 'Deke, eastern, ivy' world.

Hence, I have decided to present a new issue to the public: I would like to solicit the support of RISD students for this purpose. Help me to change the name of Brown University to BLAND University."

(Name withheld by request)

BLOCKPRINT STUDENT ACTIVISTS OF THE YEAR AWARD — to a group of Copenhagen students who captured a 1200 square yard island in the middle of a lake, proclaimed an independent Republic of Bird Island and proceeded to send a telegram to the U.N. asking for membership and a cable to the U.S. Embassy declaring total war on the United States.

Ronn Spencer

UNDERGROUND FILM SCENE

ORIGINALLY PRESENTED ON WBRU

Underground films are very much on the scene today. They are the topic of many conversations. The following is an interview with Mr. John Benson and Mr. Chester Michaelik, professors of film design.

Let's start with a very simple question: what makes a film an underground film?

Actually, the term underground comes from Stan Vanderbeek, who is thought to be one of the outstanding underground film-makers today. Several years ago, he remarked that the current film scene had to go underground. This had to do with legal complications in the city of New York. The term was good press relations, I think, and it stuck. Current films that are made by individuals, or in some cases, anonymous groups, which have no commercial purpose are generally considered to be underground films.

As chairman of the Rhode Island Film Festival, will you include underground films?

The festival is made up of films, which one would think of as being underground, in the sense that they have no commercial venture in mind. They are, rather, experimental films; films which deal with a very personal, sometimes poetic, conception of the world. They are not films you are likely to see in commercial art cinemas, even; though locally, I was surprised to find in the art cinemas here in Providence, two films which have been the vanguard in underground films. One by Bob Downey called "Chafed Elbows," and the other by Kenneth Anger called "Scorpio Rising."

What makes a film experimental as opposed to being one that is of the commercial order?

You've named the difference right there. A commercial film has got to be planned so that it will sell.

Has the underground film taken on any kind of national interest?

Of course. The main supporters of the underground film, the main commercial supporters, are the college audiences. The young college student and the person just recently out of college is visually enough minded and educated that this kind of film does communicate with him, whereas it would not communicate with mass television audiences; they wouldn't know what the film was about.

Does the possibility exist that the underground film and film technique of today might be a commercial technique of tomorrow?

I doubt it. I mean, this has been happening all through the years. You go back forty years, and they were making experimental films then, but they've had very little effect on what we've done commercially later on.

Mr. Michaelik, you've recently come back from studying film-making in Poland. Is there a difference between film-making in Poland and the U.S.; and is there a difference or a comparison between film-making today and film-making as you learned about it twenty or thirty years ago?

There is a difference. Basically because Polish film-makers can't spend as much money as the Americans can, commercially, that is; so they have to rely on wit more than a cast of thousands to make a sensational effect. As far as time goes, I think Polish film-making has been big in the last ten years or so, but before that time, they were

making some pretty bad films. In the pre-Stalinist era, for example, they were making pure propaganda films that were really terrible things. As a matter of fact, when I was there, one was shown to a young audience, a film made about 1954, and it was a joke.

You mean the young Polish viewer of cinema is educated enough to recognize his own propaganda?

Oh, yes. It was so obvious that it had no effect. A very adverse effect, if anything.

But as far as experimental films go in Poland, there are none as we know them here. Experimental films here have to be made on money that is collected from sources other than the studio or the government, that is, money from private sources. This is impossible to get in Poland. Equipment, too, is not as plentiful there as it is here. Here you can walk into any camera store and pick up anything you need, if you have the money. That's impossible to do in Poland.

So, is there any one group that would be responsible for sponsoring the underground films in Poland, what underground films there are?

No. They don't have any. They touch on experimental films in the commercial film studios. At the Lincoln Festival, there were two films shown by a young Polish director, (I think he's about 30 or 31), a man named Skolimowski. The government has enough faith in this guy to give him all kinds of money and to give him a fairly free rein, so that in this sense he's experimenting; but privately, he can't do it, because everything he does still has to be approved.

Wouldn't you say that one of the characteristics here of the American underground has been exactly the opposite, because of the source of the funds and the support for underground films?

Yes. The fact that it's privately supported and the guy has to sweat for it. Like Bob Downey. He used to work at the New York World's Fair mixing for one of the shows, in order to make his film. In addition to that, he had to support his wife and three kids. Everything he earned went into his film; he was committed to it, and it was a possibility, whereas I would assume, in Poland, it's simply not a possibility. He can make statements, as a consequence of the fact that his own blood is going into it, that the Polish film-makers can't make.

And while we're on the subject of cost, most people just don't know how much this stuff costs. It's incredibly expensive to make a movie; it's not just going out and shooting, and it's not just paying for actors. It's incredibly expensive. Film-making is not as easy as buying a roll of film at the drugstore and taking a few snapshots and sending it off somewhere else.

No, that's true. Of course, there's another thing going on, too, in underground films. You get this with Stan Brackage and his whole movement. They're experimenting today in England with films. For instance, Williard Van Dyker, who is the current director of the Museum of Modern Art's film library, received a short, three minute, 8mm. poem from Brackage, which cost him \$3.25. So that there is this other thing going on.

There's another thing current. That's this business of

using old films. They pick up junk and try to make something out of it.

Bruce Conners has done a beautiful job with that in "A Movie." All these things we call compilation films, or montage films, which are simply compiled stock footage, that is gotten for nothing, probably, or very little. It is then compiled into a montage of images in such a way that it comes out a very clear and very definite thing. And yet they are totally unrelated images, unrelated except in the mind of the film-maker, and he manages to create a relationship from a wide variety of sources.

What about the instruction of people in the making of films, both on a commercial level and on an underground level?

I think we're labeling this thing underground as opposed to commercial. I don't think the line is that fine, often.

I can give you some illustrations of it. I call Bob Downey one of the members of the underground, and yet, Bob says that he has nothing to do with it.

And I'm sure that many people have said the same thing. So it's not the underground people that put the label on themselves.

No, I think that maybe the idea of underground film is a state of mind. Bob is very interested in commercial applications of the film technique. He's certainly one of the more imaginative members of the loose generality that we think of as underground film makers.

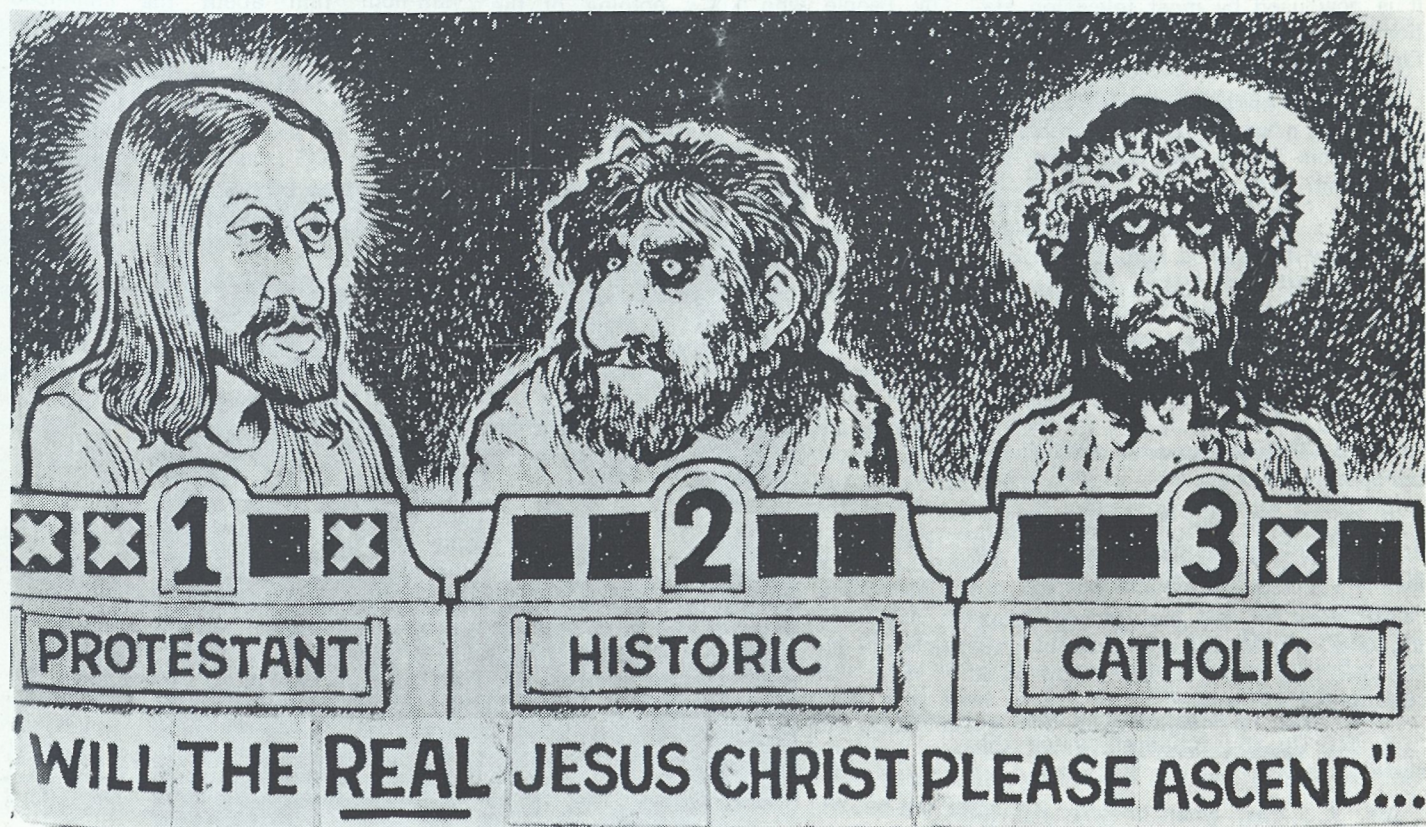
I'd like to comment that there's a certain absurdity here, in the sense that you've got to see these things rather than talk about them. After all, film is a visual art, not a verbal art, which brings up a very important consideration about movies. I feel like the American commercial film is created from a theatrical background in which, as in Shakespeare, visualization is important — obviously, with the actors and their emotions and feelings and all — but his words are half the show. I feel that that's an unfortunate limitation. Words are important, but you have to learn to employ them. Of course, one of my favorite film-makers is Antonioni, and here's a man who can experience so much without using the line, the word, a minimal means of expression. Everything that he has to say, he says in terms of movement.

One thing I think you have to be leary about here is that I hope that we're not condemning all commercial films and upgrading all underground films. More often than not, it's just the opposite; an awful lot of underground films have been junk. I mean really bad stuff. And I would rather go to the movies and see a Tom and Jerry cartoon, for that matter.

What criteria do you use to distinguish junk underground films from good ones?

It's hard to say what is a good film and what isn't.

I think we have certain obligations to the film-maker, to try to understand his motives. If we can comprehend his motives, then we can say it was or wasn't worth it.



—R. COBB, L. A. FREE PRESS (U.S.)

Robert Jungles And The Tube

After a week of weaving my way through the labyrinth of film racks I finally cornered Mr. Jungles (alias: The Canned Camera), a notoriously busy man who is currently doing a television show on channel 2 Tuesday mornings at 9:30 a.m. We had been wondering how he reacted to television production as a filmmaker.

Blockprint: In your own opinion, Mr. Jungles, what is television?

Mr. Jungles: "It is a system that allows almost instantaneous visual and verbal communication to a vast number of people."

B. P.: Is Television film?

Mr. J.: "No. It is similar to film and when it is used live it is like theater using the more complicated method of composing and editing immediately. As it is now used by most television stations it is not much more than bad film."

B. P.: I understand that you are now doing a weekly television program. Could you briefly describe what you are doing?

Mr. J.: "It is an educational television show for senior high school students on art and design. On the program we have people from the various fields talk about their work."

B. P.: Then would this be similar to Freshman Foundation?

Mr. J.: "It does cover a wide scope, but it is more basic."

B. P.: How is your financial support; are you getting enough money to be able to fulfill your requirements?

Mr. J.: "No. We are getting about \$1.00 a minute. This is probably because it is a public service show on a commercial network."

B. P.: Do your children watch the show?

Mr. J.: "Yes, when they're not in school."

Mr. J.: "They quickly become bored when there isn't a picture of themselves on it."

B. P.: Which television shows do you watch, and why?

Mr. J.: "Not right now. We don't have a T.V. set. I'll tell you what I used to watch. UNCLE — because it is a movie and not T.V. Interview shows such as MERV GRIFFIN and JOHNNY CARSON are my favorite. They give you a chance to meet people who have become famous through mass media and to see them as human beings. The now defunct OMNIBUS is an oldtime favorite of mine. And KUKLA, FRAN AND OLLIE."

B. P.: Does educational television suck?

Mr. J.: "Yes. Because it is controlled by people who know nothing of the visual arts and it becomes dull — barren to communication."

B. P.: Would you like to see television in the hands of RISD students?

Mr. J.: YES! I would like to see an entire film and television department that would graduate people qualified to join the Director's Union and be able to step right into jobs in major television."

B. P.: Some people in the field say that video-tape brought death to the electricity and spontaneity of television. What do you think?

Mr. J.: "TRUE. It is now being mis-used by the television stations. They use it as a convenience to get their shows done ahead of time and not editing. Instead it should be used for live productions."

B. P.: Are you shooting any movies now?

Mr. J.: "Yes. I am now finishing an half-hour film about the childhood imagination using my children as actors. I hope to have the editing finished by the end of next summer."

Gilbert M. Glaubinger



MR. JUNGLES AND CHILDREN

PROTESTORS SHOULD GO FIRST

By WALTER GRANT

WASHINGTON (CPS) — Students who protest the war and the draft by disrupting army induction centers or keeping military recruiters from conducting interviews should be drafted first, according to Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey.

Hershey has sent a notice to all members of the Selective Service system which says deferments should be given only to individuals who are acting in the national interest. Students and others who interfere with the military process are not acting in the national interest, and therefore their deferments should be discontinued, Hershey says.

"There can be no question that an individual who is engaged in violating the very law that deferred him cannot very well be acting in the national interest," Hershey said in a telephone interview.

The new Selective Service directive could affect thousands of students at campuses across the country who have been involved in recent protests designed to physically disrupt the military machine, specifically recruiting and induction.

Hershey admitted his letter to local draft boards is a reaction to the "disruptive and destructive" trend which protests have been taking. "There is a growing weariness on the part of the public, and Congressmen and a lot of others have been saying why in the devil don't you do something about these people," Hershey said.

However, the Selective Service director said his letter offers no new policies. "The law has been there all the time, and we are just encouraging that it be enforced."

Hershey said the directive is aimed only at those protesters who engage in "illegal activities and lawlessness. We are not trying to stop anybody from thinking or doing anything else as long as they are within the law."

Hershey's letter does not mention college students in particular nor specific anti-recruiting incidents, but the point is clear since most of the demonstrations which fall into the "disruptive" category have occurred on or near college campuses. However, Hershey said, "We are not just picking on college students. This applies to all persons who have deferments for any reason."

The authority for Hershey's directive comes from a section of the Selective Service law which provides penalties for individuals who "knowingly hinder or interfere or attempt to do so in any way by force or violence or otherwise" with the Selective Service system.

Hershey's letter said local boards "may reopen the classification" of protesters who perform illegal acts. "If evidence of violation of the (Selective Service) Act and Regulations is established," the local board should "declare the registrant to be a delinquent and to process him accordingly." Individuals who are declared delinquent are placed first in the order of call.

"If the United States Attorney should desire to prose-

cute before the local board has ordered the registrant for induction, full cooperation will be given him," the letter continues.

Hershey said his letter also refers to persons who either burn or refuse to carry their draft cards. However, he said "about 75 percent of the pieces of paper which have been thrown around as draft cards probably are not."

The letter, or one similar to it, reportedly was sent to colleges and universities. Asked about this, Hershey said, "I'm sure this will receive wide distribution, but I don't know who all got it and when."

Referring to the protesters, the letter said. "It is to be hoped that misguided registrants will recognize the long-range significance of accepting their obligations now, rather than hereafter regretting their actions performed under unfortunate influences or misdirected emotions, or possibly honest but wholly illegal advice, or even completely vicious efforts to cripple, if not to destroy, the unity vital to the existence of a nation and the preservation of the liberties of each of our citizens."

Hershey also encouraged local boards to provide evidence of any efforts by non-registrants "to prevent induction or in any way interfere illegally" with the Selective Service Act to the national headquarters so that it may be made available to U. S. attorneys.

He also stressed that prosecution in the courts must follow for Selective Service registrants who fail to report as ordered, or refuse to be inducted.

THE AMERICAN PRESS SPEAKS

In accordance with its custom of misquoting people in the news, the Providence Journal-Bulletin has come through again; free speech triumphs again.

City Editor James Wyman and Picture Editor William Reilly, who were mentioned in BP's article on the Washington-Pentagon demonstration, claim that they never said what was attributed to them in that story. Joseph Ungarox, managing editor of the Bulletin, also reminds BP readers that the opinions of those editors were given in a personal conversation; they were not knowingly made for publication and do not reflect the professional thoughts of these men.

This writer, in turn, reminds BP readers that the claims of the editors do not in any way change the factual content of the Pentagon story. Taken together, the two statements point out the absurdity of the Journal's position. Although they were made in private conversations not intended for publication, they were on the other hand not made at all. It is also disconcerting and discouraging to learn that in the newspaper business, which ostensibly deals with the "truth," personal and professional opinions concerning the news are not the same.

Chris Maynard

MYSTIC MEXICAN SPEAKS OUT

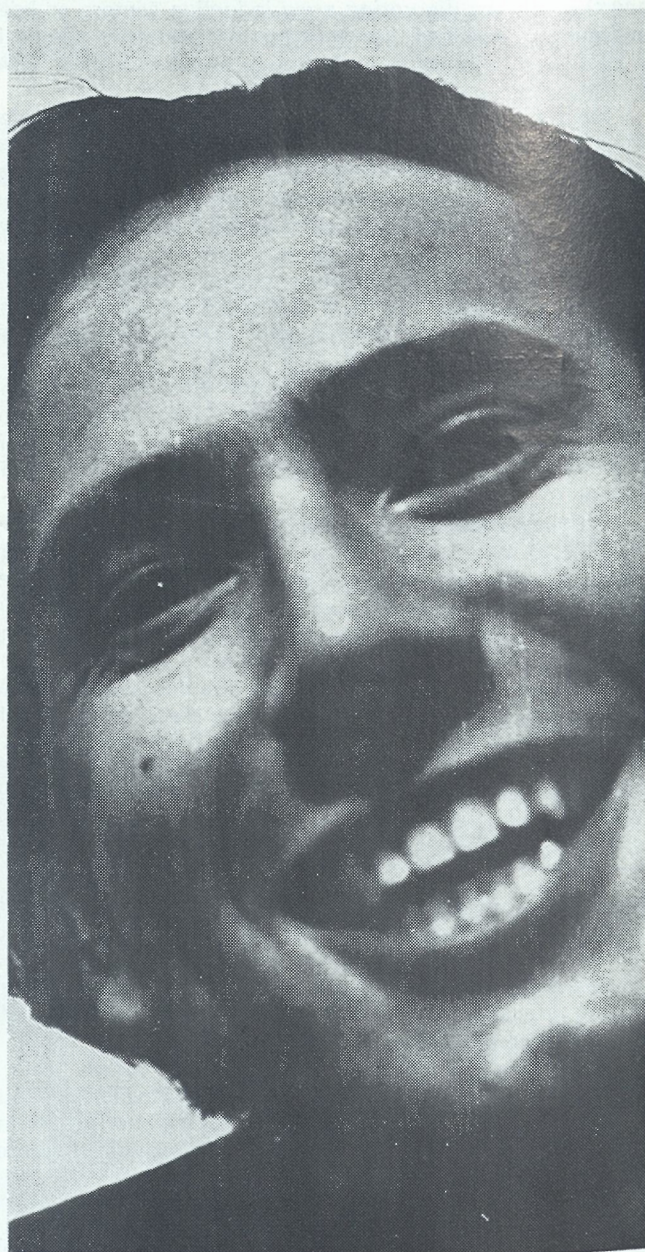
Mexicans are weary of self-possessed Americans, Americans that come to Mexico merely to inform the Mexicans that because of the difference in cultures, the United States is far better and more comfortable than Mexico. Others (mostly young) come with, instead of a face, a sign saying: "Leave me alone, I am a real neat guy that came down to buy your cheap marijuana. I am a real neat love generation type guy and thats why the flowers. I am a TO BE FAMOUS (take your pick): (a) Artist that does psychedelic drawings exactly like every other hippy, concerning love, the Viet Nam war and any thing else that's real neat. (b) Law student with no interest in law other than defending hippys in on pot charges. (c) A psychedelic musician that can play any instrument from a guitar to a banana by beating it at random. Leave me alone, you smelly Mexicans; I'm real cool; I don't bother with low grade things like drinking legal alcohol; I smoke grass; I'm an acid head and I'll do anything that will give me any sort of an artificial high, if it's illegal."

In response to these type of people, some Mexicans fart; others, seeing the Americans enraptured in their own self esteem, take their money; but others, the younger set, imitate in an outrageous version loosing any meaning.

But alas, there are the Americans that realize that life is a classroom, the world is a tool for learning and that our bodies are our means of communication.

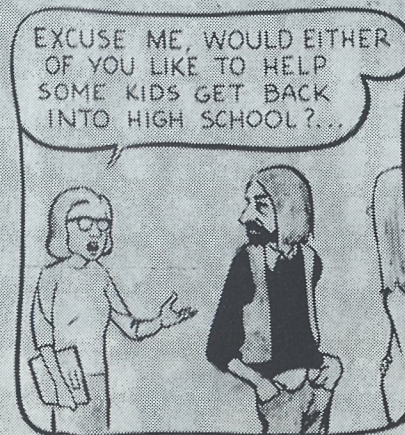
Mexicans are willing to learn about other countries, but only when they are the visitors and not the visited. A visitor, to many Mexicans, is a prospective means to inform the world of the beauties and enchantments of Mexico, but many times they are disconcerted by the types mentioned above.

Mexico is far from a soft country, so to those whose mind and fanny have been cushioned through their lives, either be rich and live comfortably down here, to poor and learn how to really be rustic, or just stay away. Mexico also has many strange costumes ranging from traditional regional costumes to imitation hippy uniforms, so to those who wish to impress, may get a round of applause from the ignorant country Indian in the same manner that a dying pig would. Clothes, length of hair, cleanliness and any other such theatrical make-up, is taken with a grain of salt. The only reason a Mexican does stare is: if you are attractive and of the opposite sex, then they might have designs on your body.



REASSURANCE

by BILL PLUMPTON





SORRY, FELLOWS

The Guggenheim Foundation provides "yearly grants which enable the scholar to carry out his program to the fullest extent without being obliged to make concessions to financial considerations. The applicant's financial situation, the period of time for which the grant is desired, and above all, the project and program themselves are the main factors in the selection of fellows. Of the many foundations in America, the Simon Guggenheim imposes the least restrictions on grantees in carrying out their program."

Blockprint heard of the rumored opening of an exhibition of the work of Guggenheim Fellows in Photography on the evening of Wednesday, 15th November, and attended. Blockprint found that the opening existed (the sherry was real) but found that photography, at least there, does not.

The image, once popularized, must pass. Dead are:

- The Slum-scape
- The Peasants
- A House
- Street Furniture
- The Poor Dear Oppressed Southern Negro
- Graveyards
- Peasants
- Freaks
- Dunes, Waves, and Such
- Fags
- Negro Kids
- Really Ugly People in Love

A REINSTATEMENT

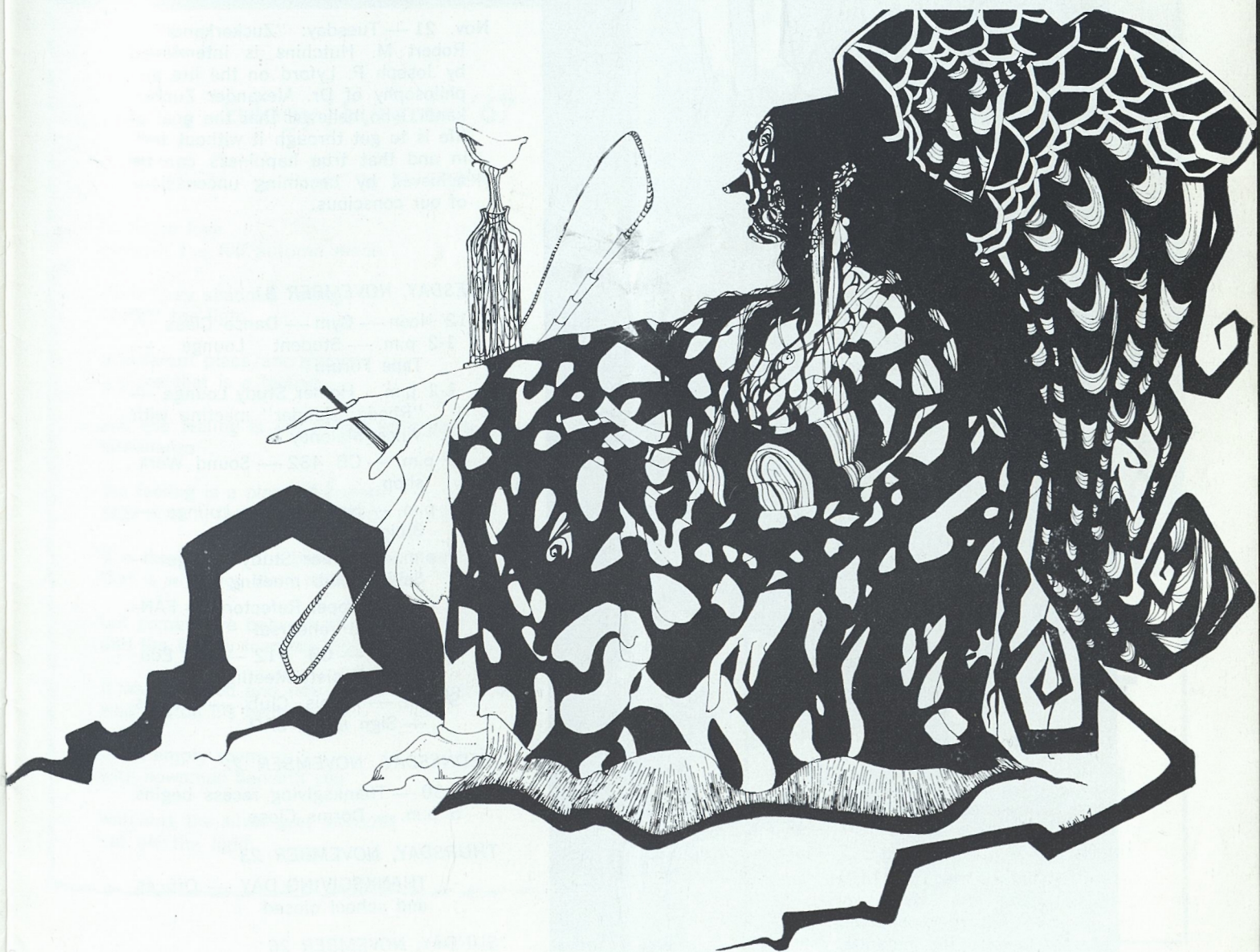
Ted Kreh, Architecture '71, the leader of the newly reenacted World Affairs Committee, told Blockprint that only one political opinion has been presented to the student body by a very outspoken group and that other opinions are not being voiced. This he feels, justified his action in reorganizing the group. Mr. Kreh also added that the group would not voice a closed opinion on the war in Southeast Asia and other current problems. When Blockprint inquired about qualifications for joining the group, it was learned that a person's opinions on any world affairs issue is a major concern for membership. This is true whether an individual endorses a government program or not. Mr. Kreh also added that, as a result, the World Affairs Committee would be bringing to the school, lecturers of varied opinions on both extremes on any pertinent topics from foreign policy to birth control.

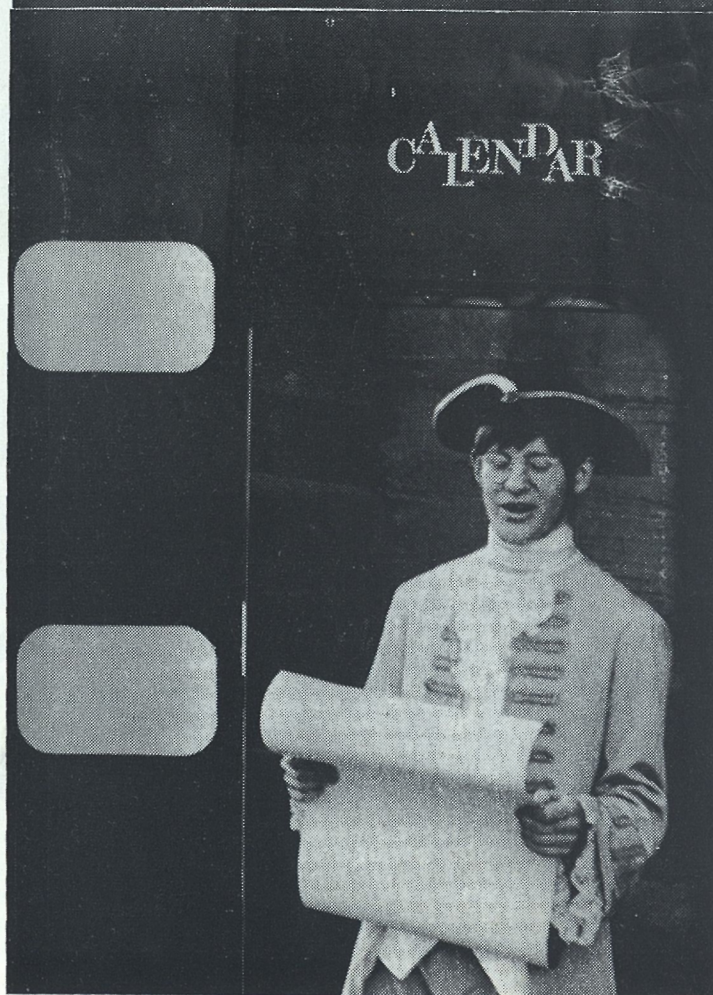
Roy Furman

TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

A big horsefly flew in the window so I got the rolled up magazine and slapped him to the floor and he buzzed around on his back and then I really flattened him and it looked like his guts all came out but when I looked closer I saw that it was a bunch of little teeny worms and at first I thought that they were on him to eat him but then I saw that they were his babies I mean HER babies and they squirmed all around and I went and got the bug spray and gave them a good squirt but it didn't kill them, it only seemed to burn them and made them wriggle around all the more and so I lit a match to the whole works but it didn't burn too good so I had to singe each little worm at a time and then I saw some more of them wriggling out of the squashed mothers guts and so I set her on fire and the whole thing was pretty revolting.

Mel Lyman
AVATAR (UPS)





Tape Library Forum
1:00 - 2:00 Student Lounge, College
Building

Nov. 14 — Tuesday: "New Utopias:
Looking Backward or Brave New
World"

Is there no group in the United
States sufficiently moved by the
conditions of its existence to dream?
Michael Harrington, W. H. Ferry and
Frank Keegan, Assoc. Dean of the
College of Arts and Sciences of
Georgetown University in a novel
talk about utopias and cacotopias.

Nov. 16 — Thursday: "Don't Make
Waves"

This is the injunction of the new
consensus, say three social critics
who have never themselves hesitated
to rock the boat. Jules Feiffer, Ed-
ward P. Morgan and Paul Jacobs
are heard in excerpts from a con-
ference at the Center for the Study
of Democratic Institutions.

Nov. 21 — Tuesday: "Zuckerkandl"

Robert M. Hutchins is interviewed
by Joseph P. Lyford on the life and
philosophy of Dr. Alexander Zuck-
erkandl, who believed that the goal of
life is to get through it without feel-
in and that true happiness can be
achieved by becoming unconscious
of our conscious.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21

- 12 Noon — Gym — Dance Class
- 1-2 p.m. — Student Lounge —
Tape Forum
- 1-2 p.m. Homer Study Lounge —
"Rhode Islander" meeting with
Vince Maloney
- 3 p.m. — CB 432 — Sound Work-
shop
- 5 p.m. — Homer Study Lounge —
Bible Study Group
- 7 p.m. — Homer Study Lounge —
Sailing Club meeting
- 7 p.m. — Upper Refectory — FAN-
TASTICS rehearsal
- 7:30 p.m. — CB 412 — Art Edu-
cation Society Meeting
- 9 p.m. — Tennis Club — Tennis
— Sign up at SAO

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

- 12:30 — Thanksgiving recess begins
- 5 p.m. — Dorms Close

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23

THANKSGIVING DAY — Offices
and school closed

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26

- 12 Noon — Dorms Open



Eulogy / Summer '67

—"Poem" by M. RUSSO

To make love
beneath the full autumn moon

silver grey shadows racing
cut off the light.

a different place/anonymous
a place that is a feeling

and the feeling is not of the open glare
streetlamp

the feeling is a place of noman
raga is of it/though only a part

it is the place in the back of your mind
that is what you want to be about

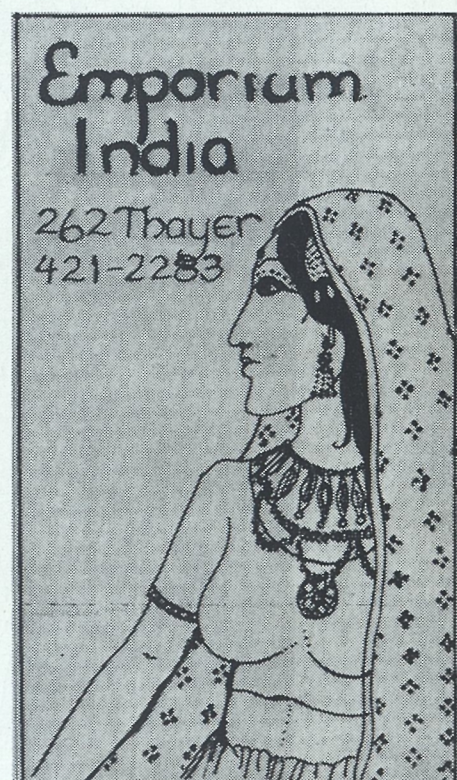
but somewhere between the plate
and the bloody foaming mouth

it was dropped and now you're the nowhereman
who lies on his belly

in an empty room
with nowoman beneath you

watching the silver grey shadows
cut off the light.

JOHN HAMMOND - COMING DEC. 8!!



The RABBIT

TAUNTON MASS.

TURKEY WEEK-END MIXER

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

LIGHT SHOW BAR
HEAD SHOP STROBES
LIVE MUSIC

